

The Tragedie

He needs no indirect nor lawfull course,
To cut off those that haue offended him.

1. Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant spring, braue *Plantagenet*,
The Princely Nouice was strooke dead by thee.

Cla. My brothers loue, the Deuill, and my rage,

1. Thy brothers loue, the Deuill, and thy fault,
Haue brought vs hither now to murder thee.

Cla. Oh, if you loue my brother hate not me,
I am his brother and I loue him well:

If you be hirde for neede goe backe againe,

And I will send you to my brother *Glocester*,

Who will reward you better for my life,

Then *Edward* will for tydings of my death.

2. You are deceiued your brother *Glocester* hates you.

Cla. Oh no, he loues mee and he holds me deare,
Goe you to him from me.

Am. I so we will.

Cla. Tell him, when that our Princely father *Yorke*,

Blest his three sonnes with his victorious arme:

And chargd vs from his soule to loue each other,

He little thought of this diuided friendship.

Bid *Glocester* thinke on this and hee will weepe,

Am. I milstones, as he lessoned vs to weepe,

Cla. O, doe not slander him for he is kind.

1. Right as snow in harvest, thou deceiuest thy selfe,

Tis hee that sent vs hither now to murder thee.

Cla. It cannot be: for when I parted with him

He hugd me in his armes, and swore with sobs

That he would labour my deliury.

2. Why so he doth, now he deliuers thee

From this worlds thrauldome: to the ioyes of heauen,

1. make peace with God, for you must die my Lord.

Cla. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soule,

To counsell mee to make my peace with God,

And art thou yet to thy owne soule so blind,

That thou wilt war with God, for murthering me?

Ah sirs consider he that set you on

To doe this deede, will hate you for this deede,

2. What

of Richard the Third.

2. What shall we doe?

Cla. Relent, and saue your soules.

1. Relent, tis cowardly, and womanish.

Cla. Not to relent, is beastly, sauage, and diuclish.

My friends I spie some pittie in your looks;

Oh if thy eye be not a flatterer,

Come thou one my side and intreate for me:

A begging Prince what beggar pitties not?

1. I thus, and thus: if this will not serue, *He*

Ile chop thee in the malmesey But in the next roome

2. A bloody deed and desperately performd,

How faine would I like *Pilate* wash my hand,

Of this most grieuous guilty murder done.

1. Why dost thou not helpe me?

By heauen the Duke shall know how slacke thou art

2. I would he knew that I had saued his brother,

Take thou the fee and tell him what I say,

For I repent me that the Duke is slaine.

1. So do not I, goe coward as thou art.

Now must I hide his body in some hole,

Vntill the Duke take order for his buriall:

And when I haue my need I must away,

For this will out, and here I must not stay,

Enter King, Queene, Hastings, Rivers, &c.

King. So now I haue done a good dayes worke,

Your Peares continue the vnited league,

I euery day expect an Embassage

From my Redeemer, to redeeme me hence:

And now in peace my soule shall part to heauen,

Since I haue set my friends at peace on earth:

Rivers and *Hastings*, take each others hand,

Dissemble not your hatred, sweare your loue.

Ri. By heauen my heart is purged from grudging

And with my hand I seale my true hearts loue.

Hast. So thrice I as I sweare the like.

King. Take heede you dally not before your King

Least he that is the supreame King of Kings,

Confound your hidden falshood, and award

Either of you to bee the others end.

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